

Mock Up on Mu by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Sample]

Spare us the shame of being killed by a boy!
Kings must be killed by kings!
Hahahahaa! A fine king you'd make!
A king who can't even kill his enemy!
And has to ask others to do it for him!
Even on a battlefield! Hahahahhahaaa! Hahaha!
(Crowds cheer)

[Chorus: Method Man Sample]

No n-no competition to the shit we got here
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear
Got the Glock, got the Glock, got got the Glock
To ya headpiece, what!
No n-no noo- competition to the shit we got here
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear
Kill the fear, kill the fear
Got the Glock to ya headpiece, what, what, what
What

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I got the blick of the wild gunman
Sit the fuck down, it was never about nothin'
Jack Paar's espionage of a loud dungeon
Little (Nub Millah) was talkin' about pumpin'
Being a sinner became painful
It's clear revelations that came as a strange angel
My brother is my brother we came from the same cradle
These ain't mink, (bahna) these made from a gray sable
I ain't the motherfucker you should box with
We can take it to the guns, homie this a chopstick
Put the muhfucka in your mouth like it's a swab stick
Bring the box-cutter in the muhfuckin' cockpit
Play (Entiro Roja) till the day break
I can never be a dollar short or a day late
The SIG Sauer P320 is my namesake
The bullet has so much kinetic energy the wave break

[Chorus: Method Man Sample] (x2)

No competition to the shit we got here
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear
Got the Glock, got the Glock to ya headpiece, what

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This the reckoning here
This is napalm, that's the smell of death in the air
You want bomboclaat war then the weapons appear
I'm the CD don, squeaky frog and mescaline heir
The Sunnah of the Prophet, that's the actual fact
You think talkin' to one-time is a natural act
You see talkin' to one-time that's a vaginal act
I went to Pet Sematary now the animal back
We burnin' sage, we the Northern Arapaho
My heart black homie and it's colder than gazpacho
It's a hail of bullets comin' better get yourself a poncho
Bandana low on my eyes like I'm a chicano
I don't look at homie as a rival, he a custy
He stink like patchouli his entirety is dusty
Put a fatwah on his head like he Rushdie
Me and you is like puttin' a shark against a guppy

[Chorus: Method Man Sample] (x2)

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Got the Glock to ya headpiece, what